

The Notre Dame Scholastic

Disce-Quasi-Semper-Victurus...Vive-Quasi-Cras-Moriturus

A Literary—News Weekly

VOL. LIV.

OCTOBER 29, 1926.

No. 6

NOTRE DAME, IND.

REV. MATTHEW SCHUMACKER, C.S.C.,

WILDCATS SCREECH IN VAIN

Franklyn E. Doan

Irritating Habits

M. A. Aggeler

Emmy Will Like It

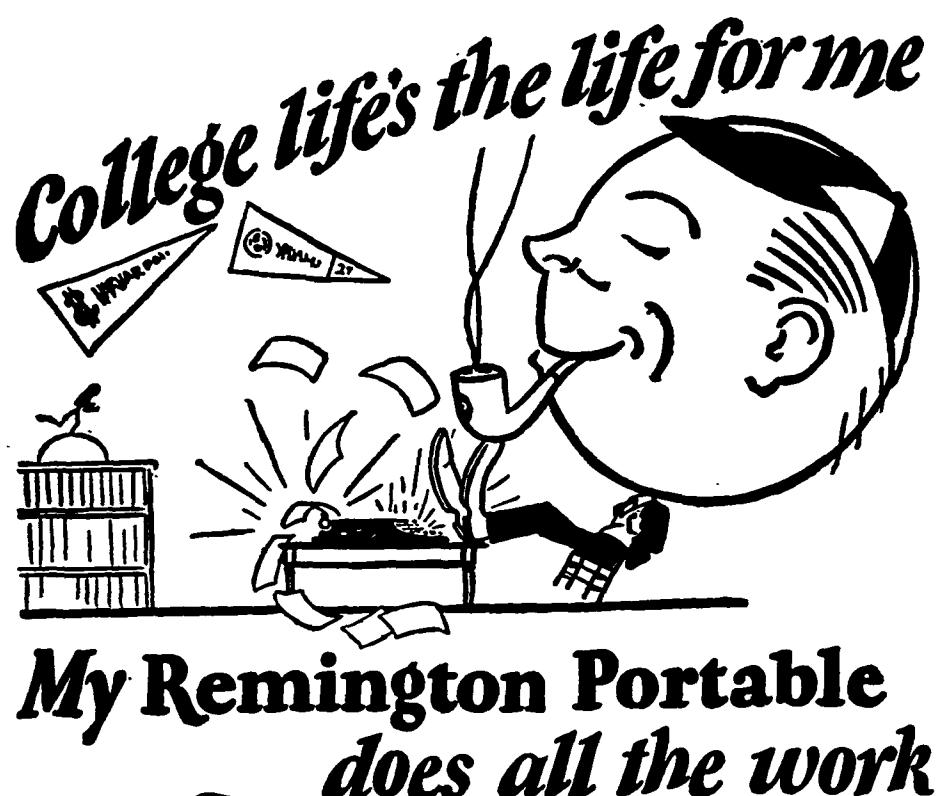
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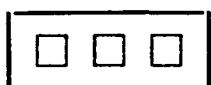
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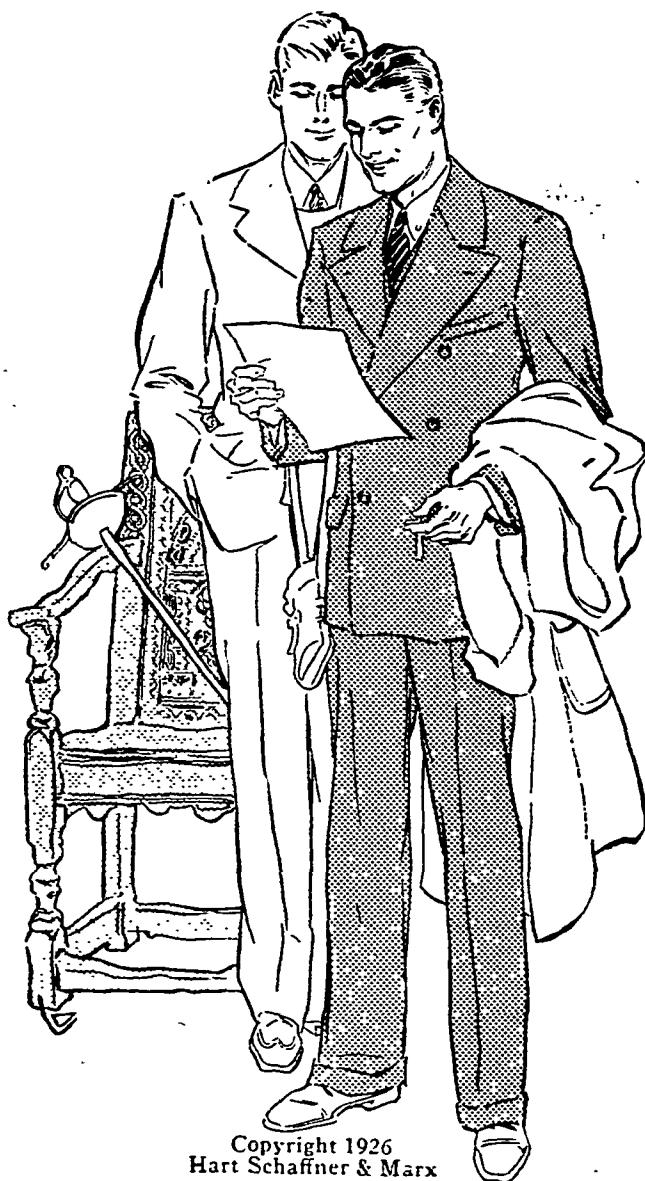


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VOL. LIV.

OCTOBER 29, 1926.

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INDEX

	PAGE	
The Week	<i>W. H. Layne</i>	168
Editorial		175
The College Parade.....	<i>John T. Cullinan</i>	176
Hobnails	<i>Cyrano of Chicago</i>	177
Emmy Will Like It.....	<i>William F. Craig</i>	178
The Rivals	<i>Robert L. Ross</i>	179
Irritating Habits	<i>M. A. Aggeler</i>	181
Sport News	<i>F. E. Doan</i>	183
Splinters From The Press Box.....	<i>Ghoul Post, III</i>	186
Half A Century Back	<i>Robert Ward</i>	188

Entered as second-class matter at Notre Dame, Indiana. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage, Section 1105, October 3, 1917, authorized June 25, 1918.

The Advertisers in Notre Dame Publications Deserve the Patronage of All Notre Dame Men

THE WEEK

The mounted men of the great northwest have ridden the open spaces of the far north for many years; but those men who attempted to duplicate their feats before the audience at Northwestern's new stadium found the Irish more formidable than snow hazards and were forced to melt away under the pressure of the Rockne machine. We heard a great many complaints about the choice of the student trip before the game last Saturday; but after the final whistle had sounded and the ball was tucked safely under Bud Borenger's arm all of the day's kicking was over. We do not always have to travel far to see great things and those passes from Parisien's hands to Walsh and Neimick were about the neatest bits of work we have seen since Stuhldreher asked Nebraska to forgive his overhead methods. Why a jinx should be would make an excellent question for the quarterly exams, for we know a great many men who can not understand Northwestern. Certainly they played great ball, over their heads by far; but it was when we played over their heads that six scores and another great victory was registered for a team that never lets up in its scrappy intelligent play.

Those who remained behind found a interesting and hard fought game in the Cartier Field contest between South Bend and Mishawaka. From what we have heard there was enough spirit in the game to make it one of the greatest battles these two local teams have ever staged.

Mr. Hugh O'Donnell who graduated from Notre Dame, and who now occupies the chair of assistant business managership of the *New York Times*, addressed the Scribbler Club Tuesday night. Mr. O'Donnell was of special interest to those men because of his wide experience in the writing and editing field. Old subjects were discussed and enjoyed by all of the members because of the pleasing manner in which they were treated by Mr. O'Donnell. Such topics as

dramatics which were really alive when he attended school here were talked of and some way to revive this dead corpse was debated. A suggestion that some college play be presented was made which gives an opportunity to some one with true initiative.

The men in charge of the Cotillion have announced the choice of Ross Franklin's Serenaders for the dance on November fifth. In preparation for this big event the Scholarship Club dance and the Football dance this week can be heartily recommended. With all the music in the air this year and so few orchestras to furnish it there remains what appears to be another opportunity for some brilliant young gentleman. Perhaps this is suggestion week?

Downtown, Walker Whiteside and Mrs. Samuel Insul have presented plays to those who find diversion behind the footlights. One comes from Chicago and the other is on its way to that city and South Bend happens to be on the route they are making. The Oliver would find that there are many eager men on the campus who would patronize home industries if more similar offerings were presented.

Even the clubs are resting up after last week end. Joe Dunn and his Minnesota men have been rather active and sociable at once. A banquet and meeting of these men tended to carry the torch of friendship thru the dull mid week. The Detroit men met and decided that they would become friends and organize. Probably a motor tour home for the holidays would be in order for that groupe.

Georgia Tech comes to bring another big week end. The splendid spirit that has manifested itself in past appearances of these two teams together makes this an encounter of importance. The Southerners have been the most popular friendly enemies the Irish have ever met and to-morrow on Cartier Field the southern generals will ride again.—W. H. L.

CHEM ENGINEERS HEAR LECTURE

Mr. W. S. Calcott of E. I. Du Pont de Nemours gave an instructive lecture to students of chemical engineering on Thursday afternoon, October 21. His subject was the making of reports on technical work, with special reference to chemistry. Mr. Calcott spoke the evening before to the St. Joseph Valley Section of the American Chemical Society, and was received so favorably that a large number of students turned out for his afternoon lecture.

Mr. Calcott stressed the importance of good English in reporting research work. The average engineering student, he said, underrates the value of rhetoric. He was able to show from his own experience with Du Pont that correct expression is considered essential by business executives. The lecture caused considerable discussion among students.

MEETING OF SCIENCE ACADEMY

The Notre Dame Academy of Science met Wednesday evening, October 27, to hear papers by J. Ballinger and C. S. Banwarth, and resumés by W. E. Mahin and J. Foley. The program was followed by a discussion of the material presented. Plans for the next meeting were also taken up.

Mr. Thomas Tyrone Cavanaugh, of the class of '97, died Monday in Chicago. Mr. Cavanaugh was a graduate of the college of Arts and Letters and was a famous athlete during his years at the University. He was a contributor to the *Alumnus*, *Wake of the News*, the *Line* and also the *Cherry Circle* magazine which is published by the Chicago Athletic Club where Mr. Cavanaugh lived for some time. His death is deeply felt by all who knew him.—*R.I.P.*

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Students are requested to use the north door of Science Hall as an entrance only, and the south door as an exit. Notices have been posted by the S. A. C. to remind students of this new ruling.

ELMER LAYDEN MARRIED

Elmer Layden, all-American Fullback of the 1924 Notre Dame football team and slim racer of the "four horsemen" who helped

bring the University a National Championship, was married to Miss Edith Davis of Bettendorff, Iowa, Monday, October 25, in the chapel of Columbia College, where he is now coaching. The bride is the daughter of a veteran Davenport baseball coach. It

was Layden's splendid defense work, especially in intercepting forward passes, and his remarkable speed on offense, that in large measure accounted for Notre Dame's defeat of Leland Stanford in 1924 and brought an undisputed National Championship to the school. Layden's outstanding feat was a run of seventy yards to a touchdown after intercepting a Stanford pass.

DOME CALLS MEETING

All applicants for, and all men interested in, the editorial end of the *Dome* are to come to the *Dome* room, located in Corby Sub, next Thursday evening, the fourth of November, at eight o'clock. This is open to all students at the university. All Juniors of literary ability should make it a point to be at this meeting as the *Dome* is a Junior publication and the success or failure of it depends largely upon them. The Freshmen and Sophomores should realize that within the next two years they too will be confronted with the task of editing a year book. This is their chance to gain some valuable experience. *Dome* work makes them eligible for ranking offices on the college publications.

The men who are now working on the *Dome* are busy making specifications for the printing job. This will be finished in the near future and will be open to bids from local, Chicago, and other near-by dealers.



ELMER LAYDEN

RAISA—RIMINI CONCERT MONDAY

The second concert of the series at the Palais Royale will be given Monday by Rosa Raisa, the world's greatest dramatic soprano, and Giacomo Rimini, the famous Italian baritone. Both artists are of the Chicago Opera Company.

Raisa's debut was made in Verdi's first opera, *Oberto*, the occasion being the centenary celebration of the composer's birth. Her success destined her to be one of the greatest singers of the time. Later she sung *Aida* and created the rôle of Queen Isabella in *Cristoforo Colombo*. Miss Raisa is an accomplished linguist, speaking fluently French, Italian, Russian, Polish, Spanish, German, and English. During her first two years in opera, she mastered twenty-five leading rôles in the Italian and French schools. During the 1918 season with the Chicago Opera Company she appeared in *Falstaff*, *Aida*, *Ballo in Maschera*, and in *Norma*, which was especially revived on account of her exceptional talents.

Rimini made his debut in his native city, Verona. His success was instantaneous and led to long engagements in Venice, Palermo, Naples and Rome. For several seasons Rimini has appeared at the Colon Theatre in Buenos Aires and has scored in the title rôles of *Rigoletto*, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *Falstaff*, *Pagliacci* and other rôles of the Italian school with the Chicago Opera Company. During the summer of 1917 he was immensely successful in the rôles he portrayed in Mexico City. Critics have declared him one of the best interpreters of Falstaff ever seen on the operatic stage.

Owing to the unprecedented success of these two artists in joint recitals, they are being booked jointly, making a specialty of duet singing, which today is a novelty on the concert stage. The recital tour of these two artists last season was a triumph in every respect.

—C.A.R.

Mr. Hugh O'Donnell, Assistant Business Manager of the *New York Times*, visited the University last Tuesday. Mr. O'Donnell is a Notre Dame graduate of the class of '94.

SCRIBBLERS HEAR ADDRESS

The Scribblers were regaled last night in their room in the Library by the drollery and reminiscences of Hugh A. O'Donnell. Mr. O'Donnell is at present assistant business manager of the *New York Times*. He was at one time president of the University of Notre Dame Alumni. His still short career has been variegated: he has been a newspaper editor, a dramatic critic, a Shakespearian actor of note, and a lecturer of nation-wide prominence.

Last night he ran his hands over the shelves of his past and brought down and opened for the delight of every man present, even that cosmopolite Professor Phillips, jars and jars effervescing with humor, pathos, the incongruous, and the extraordinary. In that inimitable, brotherly way of his he conversed about mysticism and money, playwrights and politicians, newspapers and necromancy, and a myriad other interesting things. The termination of Mr. O'Donnell's talk was greeted with the same sadness as one greets the news of a great man's death. No one wanted him to stop opening his jars and jars effervescing with humor, pathos, the incongruous, and the extra-ordinary; nevertheless he did. He stopped opening them, and, those he had already opened, he closed, but, though we may never again see their contents, the delicious aromas that emanated from them shall stay with us perennially.

When Mr. O'Donnell indicated that he wished to break the hypnotic spell he had cast over his auditors, President Les Grady of the Scribblers asked him if he would shake hands in a physical way with every man present. To this he willingly consented.

At the next meeting of the Scribblers, Monday evening, November first, the men recently elected into the society will be formally accepted. Each man will be asked to edify the old members with talk.—L.R.M.

The Notre Dame Club of St. Joseph's Valley announces their annual Homecoming Dance to be held November 19, at the Palais Royale. All students are invited to attend as well as the Homecoming guests and their friends.

K. OF C. HOLD MEETING

Grand Knight Bob Irminger presided at a well-attended meeting of Notre Dame Council, Knights of Columbus, Tuesday evening in the Council's chambers in Walsh Hall. Grand Knight Irminger turned the meeting over to District Deputy J. Elmer Peak temporarily so that he could install the officers of the Council for the ensuing year.

When the District Deputy had finished the installation of the various officers, he gave a very inspiring talk to the members in general. This talk, delivered straight from the shoulder, carried a lesson home to every man present. It is the hope of the members that District Deputy Peak may find time to visit Notre Dame Council, 1477, soon again.

Grand Knight Irminger announced during the course of the meeting that the next initiations to be held by the Council will take place on the third and the fifth of December. The first degree will be exemplified at the local chambers on the third, and the second and third degrees will be exemplified on the fifth, in the Knights of Columbus home in South Bend.

Lecturer Howard Phalin reported that the local K. of C. orchestra is getting under way and will be heard from in a harmonious way before many more weeks have passed. He also mentioned the fact that the Council's basketball team has organized. The team this year will be coached by Tom Barber, one time star athlete at the University and recently a high school athletic coach of some repute.

After the general meeting had terminated, a meeting of the Publicity committee was held. At this meeting the staff of the *Santa Maria*, the organ of the Council, was decided upon: W. W. Smith and Gerald McGinley are co-editors of the publication; Fred Ruiz, Clarence Ruddy, and Leo R. McIntyre are associate editors; George Thomas is business manager; George Sargus is circulation manager.

The meeting of the Council was pleasingly topped off with honest-to-goodness iced cake and sweet cider of the genus that comes from apples. The next meeting will be held in the chambers of the Council, Walsh Hall, on Tuesday, Nov. 9, at 7:45 P. M.—L.R.M.

HALLOWE'EN DANCE TONIGHT

The Scholarship Club of the University is holding a dance tonight at the Palais Royale. It will be a Hallowe'en Party, with favors appropriate to the open season for ghosts. Ebker's Palais Royale Orchestra will furnish the music for the festival, at which numerous girls will be in attendance. Upper classmen may bring their own girls. The prize is the usual one: one and one-half dollars.

SOPH COTILLION NEARING

It is just one more week until the Sophomores will be swaying to the tunes of Ross Franklin's Serenaders of Fort Wayne, Indiana, at the Palais Royale ballroom. More than three hundred couples are expected to attend. The committee has arranged for elaborate and fitting decorations and it is rumored that most attractive invitations are to be had. Tickets are now on sale and it is urged that each and every Soph who intends to attend the Cotillion secure his ticket at the very earliest moment. The last day for obtaining tickets will be Tuesday, Nov. 2.

POSTER CONTEST

A number of the prominent campus artists are competing in a contest sponsored by the Dance committee of the Senior Class football dance. The artist entering the best poster for this Senior Hoosier Hop, to be held at the K. of C. Ball Room November 6, will win the five dollar prize. Each contestant may enter two posters, thus insuring keen competition. The drawings must be submitted to Dick Hennessey by Saturday. Judges will be selected from the Art faculty. The competing artists will be the guests of the Senior Class at the Hop.

A letter has been received during the past week from Rev. Joseph Burke, C.S.C., former Director of Studies at Notre Dame, who is now President of St. Edward's University of Texas. He reports fine attendance and bright prospects for the ensuing year. Father Burke sends hearty greetings to all his friends.

WRANGLERS DEBATE AUSTRALIANS

A contest of international significance will be held on the thirteenth of December when the University of Sidney, Australia, will meet the University of Notre Dame in a debate upon the subject, Resolved: "That Prohibition is desirable and should be retained." Three members of the Wranglers Club will represent Notre Dame and will uphold the negative side of the discussion. It is the first time in the history of debating at Notre Dame that a foreign team has been met.

The Inter-hall debating league is formally under way. The Inter-hall committee met last Monday evening and drew up a set of rules for governing the contests. There are approximately twenty men out for each of the respective halls and from all appearances the league is destined to be very successful.

INITIATIVE COMMITTEE MEETS

The initiative committee of the East Penn Club met in Walsh Hall Monday evening. Through the blue haze from many a pipe and fag a number of matters regarding the future activity of the newly formed club were considered. It was decided to hold the Christmas dance in Bethlehem, Pa., pending the sanction of a majority of the "Miners". Plans are well under way for a dinner to be held next Monday evening in the Hotel LaSalle.

CLEVELAND CLUB

The Cleveland Club met Wednesday, October 20, with Tom Byrne, president, presiding. At this meeting many important business questions were discussed. It was decided to have monthly banquets, the first one scheduled for Wednesday evening November 3, to be held at the Morningside Apartments. The members also will receive Communion in a body each month at Sacred Heart Church.

The Club is planning to entertain the Glee Club during its stop in Cleveland Christmas.

Plans for Homecoming were discussed. The Club will offer its services in making the 1926 Homecoming the best yet.

MONOGRAM CLUB FOOTBALL DANCE

The Monogram Club will give their annual football dance Saturday night, Oct. 30, at the K. of C. Hall. The dance Committee, composed of John Nyikos, Joe Della Maria, Emmett Barron, Louie Conray and Elmer Besten, have selected Art Haeren's Orchestra to furnish the music. Dancing will begin promptly at 8:30 and last until 10:30. The members of the Georgia Tech Football Squad will be the honor guests at the dance. The patrons and patronesses will be Mr. and Mrs. K. K. Rockne, Dean and Mrs. Thomas F. Konop, Dean J. E. McCarthy, Coach Tommy Mills, Professor and Mrs. Daniel Hull and Coach George E. Keegan. Tickets can be procured from any monogram man.

A. I. E. E. MEETS

The American Institute of Electrical Engineers, Notre Dame Branch, met Monday evening, October 25, to discuss the society's activities for the year. The promise of eats enticed a large group of students to the engineering building, where Chairman Bill Davis outlined the advantages of membership in the Institute, and asked for an active interest in the organization from Sophomores and Juniors, as well as Seniors. Prof. Caparo explained that the A. I. E. E. offered a valuable opportunity to students. Membership application blanks were distributed, and then the refreshments served. The next meeting will be held on November 8.

The Notre Dame Institute is one of 68 branches located at the better known colleges and universities throughout the country. The national organization includes professional men as well as students.

BADIN "REC" ROOM OPENS

The piano has been tuned and the pool cues have returned from an overhauling at Willie Hoppe's factory and all is in readiness for a big indoor season in the Badin "Rec."

Pat Cohen expects to give plenty of competition to Mike O'Keefe and Si Sargent. An exhibition match has been scheduled between Phil Berthiaume and Bill Greenleaf to be played Nov. 31, 1926.

K. C. PUBLIC LECTURE SERIES

The South Bend council of the Knights of Columbus has inaugurated this year a series of public lectures, to be presented by prominent Notre Dame men in the K. C. auditorium. Rev. Matthew J. Walsh, C. S. C., President of the University, gave the first of the twelve scheduled addresses on Thursday evening, October 21. He talked to a large gathering of South Bend people on the spirit of coöperation shown between Notre Dame and the city, and asked for even closer relations, that both might benefit from them.

The lectures of the series are to be of an educational and informational nature, and should bring deserved attention to Notre Dame and her work. Thursday evening, November 4, Rev. F. J. Wenninger speaks on Evolution; Thursday, November 18, Judge G. Wooten talks of his Political Reminiscences; Prof. Charles Phillips discusses Mexico on December 2. The other speakers will be announced later.

BAND BANQUET

The Notre Dame band dined at the North Shore Hotel at Evanston after last Saturday's game, as guests of the Northwestern University band. Prominent Northwestern faculty members were present as speakers of the evening.

Fully 1,000 persons attended the dinner and dance given by the Notre Dame Club of Chicago in the Gold Room of the Palmer House Saturday evening. The number included Vice-President Dawes, Mayor E. Dever of Chicago, Rev. Matthew J. Walsh, President of Notre Dame University, Martin Dill Scott, President of Northwestern University Rt. Rev. Edward Hoban, D. D., Auxiliary Bishop of Chicago, Coach Knute K. Rockne of Notre Dame, Coach Glenn Thistlewaite of Northwestern and Coach Jimmy Phelan of Purdue University who is a former Notre Dame man. In the address delivered by the Vice-President, Mr. Dawes paid great tribute to Notre Dame as a University and to the work that is being accomplished by her graduates.

CAMPUS OPINION

QUESTION ASKED: *Do you believe that Notre Dame should have a trophy room?*

WHERE ASKED: *Main quadrangle.*

JULIUS GROSSMAN, '29—Off-campus.

"Sure I believe that Notre Dame should have a trophy room. We have won a great number of championships and haven't a suitable place to display our banner."

EDWIN V. COLLINS—Morrissey.

"A trophy room? Absolutely, now that I've come to think of it. I had never given it a thought before but as you have mentioned it. Absolutely!"

ROBERT HAIRE—Howard.

"Every university that I have ever visited has had a place set aside to display the spoils of their games. I was really surprised when I came to N. D. to find that she had not such a place."

JOHN RYAN—Rockefeller.

"Yes, I believe that Notre Dame is entitled to a trophy room. The small space in the corridor of the gym is not a fitting tribute to the great number of trophies that we have won."

OHIO CLUB MEETING

At a meeting of the Ohio Club in the Library last Thursday evening, presided over by Martin Daly, the election of officers for the coming year took place. John Butler of Cleveland was elected president and Tom O'Connor was voted in as Vice-President. Charles McGuckin of Akron was elected secretary and Paul Beretz was elected treasurer. Due to the absence of President Butler the meeting was conducted by Tom O'Connor who set forth the Club's plans for the future.

The Senior Engineers have adopted a steel-gray corduroy jacket as the symbol of their class. They appeal to the student body to avoid purchasing any garment that might be confused with this emblem.

TINY BLAZE STIRS CAMPUS

Most of the fire-fighting apparatus of South Bend and Northern Indiana attended a convention of conflagration demons held in Sophomore Hall Wednesday morning. At any rate, it sounded and looked as though the attendance were complete. According to advices by special wire from the eastern seaboard of the campus, a playful spark caused all the exhilaration. This unlimited practice to both the knights of the suspender and red shirt and to the volunteer corduroy and stacomb squad. One of the features of the hilarious entertainment resulted from the fact that after the spark was conquered the water couldn't be, and a wet time resulted. Incidentally, festivities occurred on the second floor, so that downstairs residents were forced to take refuge beneath umbrellas. Three long sirens!

GLEE CLUB HOLDS SMOKER

The Glee Club of the University held its annual smoker Wednesday evening in the Brownson Hall "rec" room. Mr. Frank Hagenbarth, president of the club this year, acted as toastmaster. Rev. J. Hugh O'Donnell, C.S.C., Prefect of Discipline, Prof. Clarence "Pat" Manion of the Law School, and Joseph Casasanta, Director of the Band, were the speakers. The tone of their talks was one of encouragement to the members of the club. Refreshments and smokes were served. Irwin Corcoran and Jim McShane put on a dance act, with Corcoran at the piano, and Henry Houghten concluded the entertainment with a clever imitation of a famous comedian.

THE PAPER MAN

"...At The Side Of The Road As The Race Of Men Go By."

In front of the drug store on the South West corner of Washington and Michigan streets, a paper man maintains his little news stand. He hobbles about here and there upon his crutch, for one of his legs is gone. "Are you out here every day?" "Yep, every day, haven't had a day off in four years now; come out here at six thirty or so every

morning an' I'm right here 'till six o'clock at night, and some nights, like when there's lots of business, I'm here 'till eight or nine. Awful weather we're have'n, aint it? Up to a couple o' days ago it had rained sixteen days straight. Last month was the wettest month I ever saw. O, this," glancing where his left leg should have been," I left that behind me in France." A far away, pitiful look came into his eyes. "It's not so bad tho, some of the gang left more than that 'over there', some of 'em left all they had over on that other side. Sure, I see lots of foreign cars passin' here; saw a car from Maine yesterday and saw two from Texas just today. Say, buddie, you're waitin' for that Notre Dame car ain't ya?"

The following books are now available at the University Library:

- Eckstrom, Mrs. F. (H)—The bird book.
- Fouard, Abbé Constant—St. Peter and the first years of Christianity. 2 copies.
- General Electric Co.—General Electric publicity, 1924.
- Godecker, Sister M.S.—History of Catholic education in Indiana. 2 copies.
- Grinnell, Elizabeth—Our feathered friends.
- Hamel, Frank—The Lady of beauty (Agnes Sorel).
- Hanes, Ernest—Manual to Readings in literature.
- Heineman, J. L.—The early days of St. Gabriel's. 2 copies.
- Hirst, F. W.—Life & Letters of Thomas Jefferson. cop. 2.
- Hull, Eleanor—Text book of Irish literature. 2v. cop. 2.
- Index generalis, 1925-1926.
- International, index to periodicals. v. 13, 1925.
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EDITORIAL

PUBLICITY AND ARGUMENT

Notre Dame is famous for many things. Every fall her name is carried across the nation by her football team. Frequently new books by her sons bring her name before the reading public. Where art-lovers gather, the Notre Dame collection is famous. The means of publicity which the University possesses are legion. Now comes another group which bids fair to rank second only to the eleven in the glory which they may bring to the school.

That group is composed of the debaters of Notre Dame. Already these men, by means of the radio, have sent broadcast word of the argumentative ability of Notre Dame. Now they have arranged an intercontinental debate—Notre Dame against a group of college men from Australia. They are to be commended upon their energy and forethought in seizing this opportunity of making Notre Dame's debating famous.

WHY THE SCHOLASTIC?

Editor, THE SCHOLASTIC,

Dear Sir:

Why is the Notre Dame literary-news weekly called THE SCHOLASTIC? In my own sluggish washing-about of ideas, I have at various times tried to discover the why of this name. Did some pedantic fiend with the passion of a zealot for things academic fasten a book-wormy title to the publication? I have imagined so. But there was never a time when I really wished for a change. The name itself is a tradition, and it must remain as it has come down to us through half-a-century and more. Powdery and crumbly though the word seems to me, I know that usage, at least, has given it a certain glow of life.

I have not known in the past and I do not know, with certainty, whence the name

comes. Perhaps the case is as I once imagined, but I doubt it sincerely. I think rather that a man whose mind was far livelier and richer in thought and imagination than is my own must have written for the first time on Notre Dame's weekly the name SCHOLASTIC. For I have since my earlier sluggish imaginings felt the splendid strength of the great intellects who were the Schoolmen—the Scholastics, whose power of reason made solid the base of faith and optimistic the view of life.

Whether or not the significance of the naming of the SCHOLASTIC was purposeful, the fact remains that the name is significant. Notre Dame is a center of Catholic thought, and Catholic thought today is a continuation, a carrying forward, of the thought of Aquinas and the Schoolmen. And the SCHOLASTIC is the voice of Notre Dame. What could be more fitting in a day which is finding its own philosophy a blind-alley, and in its search for a path to the understanding of life's riddle is turning finally to the aid, if not the guidance, of the Scholastics, which so long ago it cast aside.

Why should not the voice of the SCHOLASTIC speak as befits its name? I flee in terror from the accusation that I propose the conversion of the weekly into a journal of philosophy! I do not. Notre Dame thinks in song and story as well as in syllogism. But why should not the thought of Notre Dame extend and touch with the illumination of Scholasticism the poor, befuddled ones who wail "you give us a stone when we ask for bread!" Why should not Notre Dame, when others clamor for a "basic" philosophy more profound than religion, throw to them the challenge of a system of thought that carries man's mind to the very borderland of the Infinite?

The editor's answer to *The Forum*, contained in THE SCHOLASTIC, issue of October 22, was a refreshing start. Let it be but the start!

—R. F.

THE COLLEGE PARADE

-:- By John T. Cullinan

A column of quotations from the Manhattan and Bronx telephone directory stared at the readers of the Columbia University "Spectator" when they turned to their editorial page. Over the column, which gave names, residences, and telephone numbers of a few New York "Smiths," was the heading "Casting Pearls." When pressed for an explanation, the editor-in-chief said, "Monday night my managing editor and myself were expressing the view that few students read "Spectator" editorials and that they would in all probability be just as likely to read an excerpt from the directory. So we tried it."

* * * * *

A loss of more than \$3,000 was sustained by the athletic department of Depauw University this year when a misprint in the catalogue caused the shortage of funds. School authorities had planned to assess a fee of \$7 for the student athletic ticket, but a misprint quoted the fee at \$6. Four of the seven dollars from each student were to go to athletics, and three to the university. Now only three dollars a student will be directed toward athletic expenditures. We know one university where this shortage would cause heart failure and the cancellation of an order for pants, "the color of a frostbitten maple leaf."

* * * * *

"Literary aspirants should religiously eschew polysyllabic orthography. The philosophical and philological substructure of this principle is ineluctable. Excessively attenuated verbal symbols inevitably induce unnecessary complexity and consequently exaggerate the obfuscation of the mentality of the peruser. Conversely, expressions which are reduced to the furthermost minimum of simplification and compactness, besides contributing realistic verisimilitude, constitute a much less onerous handicap to the reader's perspicacity. Observe, for instance, the unmistakable and inescapable expressiveness of onomatopoetic, interjectional monosyllabic utterance, especially when motiv-

ated under strenuous emotional circumstances. How much more appealing is their euphonious pulchritude than the preposterous and pretentious pomposity of elongated verbiage." All this from the Coney Cue. Use simple words. * * * * *

Wanted—one student of Pomona college. All other members of the student body at the institution are searching for the student who ruined the chapel services by pouring flour in the ventilator during the service. While the president was addressing the students, some prankster poured a sack of flour into the ventilating system, and the assembly found itself covered with "Pillsbury's Best." The student council threatens punishment if the culprit is found. This is a white scandal.

* * * * *

Students of the University of North Carolina recently asked the faculty to provide a course on the social, economic, medical and psychological economic of marriage. They pointed out that with over a thousand courses in college curricula, there surely could be a place for this subject which is of such vital interest to young men. Heretofore, instruction of this sort was not obtainable in college, but had to be gleaned from devious sources.

* * * * *

The Polytechnic Reporter carries vivid pictures of the hazing of Freshmen, speaking of the youths being "torn from the arms of their partners on the ballroom floor and paddled to the delight of the co-eds." Surely, this torture was infinitely more embarrassing than that of the rack.

* * * * *

Executives of Western Reserve university have purchased a hotel for the purpose of conducting a course in hotel management. It is thought that the course will include everything from kitchen management to the vital problems of managers. The hotel will be operated and managed by students with the profits of the venture used to improve and expand the course.

HOBNAILS

TRAGEDY IN TERCETS

These are the characters I introduce:
 Two pouting lovers, both heaped with abuse.
 Each has a grievance; but neither, excuse.
 She: "But you told me that you didn't go;
 Liars don't merit forgiveness, you know."
 (I'd forgive anything—I love him so.)
 He: "And, young lady, do you realize
 All YOUR engagements were nothing but lies?"
 (O, how I love her with tears in her eyes!)
 She: (What disdain he shows! Well, if I'm proud,
 He will apologize to me.) Aloud:
 "Don't think I'm married to you and your crowd."
 He: (What a cold independent young miss!
 I'll pretend anger, then make up and kiss.)
 "I'd rather go than be lectured like this."
 She: (O, he's leaving me! What can I do?)
 He: (No repentance? Then I'll be firm, too.)
 Both: "Well, I see there's no reas'nning with you."
 Each pauses awkwardly; neither one hears
 Either one's pardon to gladden his ears.
 He departs sadly and leaves her in tears.
 Now that they're parted and deep in despair,
 I'll drop the curtain, and laugh at them there—
 I am an imp and I caused this affair.

—RICHARD ELPERS.

Dere sur: Gone wuz the day. The waiturs wuz tripping ovur the craks in the pavement and flaving the gravy with there thumbs. In uther wruds, it was suppertime. Yet, the sweet odur of iodine and arnika was ovurpowering. Ambulances and docturs and othur parifernalya wuz strewn hither and yon about the infirmary, which wuz a seething madhouse, with the kries of the mamed and wounded peering the cool autumn air.

"Where wuz the train wreck" asked the strangur.
 "Train wreck nuthing" sez I, "there wuz a inter-hall futball game this P. M." Hoping you are the same, I am,

—CANADA CAL.

WINE CUP

In a deep green forest
 Of tall straight pines
 Lies a rippling lake.
 In the cool evening
 The sun tints its shores
 To a rose bronze hue
 Changing it to a goblet
 Of warm blue wine.

—HENRY JAMES STUCKART.

WE'LL BE UP—WITH A BOMB!

Dear Cyrano: Just a few words of helpful criticism. Your column gives me a dreadful pain, in fact, as has been said so often, it gripes me. Why don't you either learn how to run your atrocity or close up shop? I would. You seem to like Li Chan and Kopi, too, thereby proving your taste to be unique upon the campus. Drop up to the room sometime and we'll talk it over.

—HOWARD HALLER.

OH, YOU MEAN THING!

I tried to write some poetry,
 I tried to write some prose.
 I even tried at music,
 But gee—I can't compose.
 I can't do nothin' litterery,
 But they say when all else fails,
 If humor's there—a two cent stamp
 Will put it in HOBNAILS.

—Y 4 ANY 1

TRUTH

The reason why men
 Who mind their own
 Business succeed is
 Because they have so
 Little competition.

—M. M. H.

LAMENT

If I had had an audience from a queen—
 A warrior queen of times forgotten now;
 Radiant in beauty, with proud and scornful brow,
 It would have been but you that I had seen.
 Blindness to life has overtaken me,
 A blindness dark to all the friendly things
 I love, and even to the dream with wings:
 Wherever I may look, it's you I see.

That should not make me sad, perhaps you'll say:
 It does. I can't forget another day.

—KOPI.

TOO OFTEN, FOR SOME PEOPLE

Dear Cyrano: In a class lecture the other day the instructor supererogatively remarked, "Edward Hopkinson Smith write a story once." Now, confidentially, isn't it enough to write a story once?

Inquisitively,

—EPI CURIOUS.

The address is 334 Morrissey.

—CYRANO OF CHICAGO.



LITERARY

Emmy Will Like It

"The Best Laid Plans of Mice and Men Gang Aft Agley"

WILLIAM F. CRAIG

Mr. Marr in?" quizzed Marr and Mann's most capable salesman.

"Uh, huh," came the reply from the same firm's most incapable office boy. "Wanta see 'im?"

"Naw, I was just checking up on him for his wife, Freck. But if you like, you might let me see for myself."

"Ain't you the wise guy. All right, go in. He's just the same as usual; never busy."

"Howdy, Jenkins."

"Morning, Marr. Well, old man, I believe that I've sold the fairy story cottage on Elm Street. You know the one—garden, white trimmed in pea green and covered with roses."

"Good! Whcse the hubby to be?"

"You've guessed it. The date is all set and he's been figuring on something that the girl would like. Her name 's—Oh, hell, I can't think of it right now. He told me too. Well, anyway, he said he was sure she would like it."

"Like it? Why, man, she'll burn for it. But say, that little cottage has one of the queerest histories that I've ever heard. Ever get the dope on the story? Nope? Well, it was this way—

"It was about five months ago that a young man entered this office. Gosh, I'll never forget the expression on his face when he asked about a lot on Elm Street. You wouldn't have to be a Dot Dix to figure out that he had fallen and skinned both knees. Little Dan sure had that boy doing tricks. Well, anyway, he told me that he was Dick Arnold and he asked how he would go about buying a lot. When I told him that he would have to pay five hundred down, the look he gave me told me that those words had been a hurricane that dashed his youthful plans

into oblivion. And, gosh, Jenkins, I couldn't do that. He was tall, well-built, and had the line that makes you pick a man for a world beater. You know, one of those types who don't merely want a thing—they get it. But he had one weakness, and that was his face. He had good features and all that but every single thought that entered his mind stood out on those eyes and the curl of these lips in such a way; well, they got me—that's all.

"He only had two hundred; he had been saving that ever since he and Emmy had decided that they were the only ones. Somehow, Jenkins, I liked that chap and when he promised to pay the balance as soon as possible, I just had to give in. I showed him all the lots on file at the time and he finally picked the one you sold today. It set back on a sort of a bend in the street and he knew Emmy would like that.

"And by golly, I didn't go amiss; it wasn't three months until he had the deed for that lot tucked safely away in his dresser drawer.

"Old man fortune stepped in about this time and left Dick a few thousand; an uncle or someone died, I believe. And listen, Jen, I'd give my right eye if I could be as happy for a moment as Dick was when he realized that he could build the little rose covered cottage that Emmy and he had planned from childhood.

"I drew the plans for it and, man, it was a dinger. Five rooms (Emmy didn't like a larger house) and bath. We planned on a semi-colonial bungalow type to be made of stucco and Florida tinted. Dick wanted that because he knew Emmy would like it. Together we drew the plans for the living room, dining room and bed rooms. The liv-

ing room had to be long, with a fire place made of white pebbles and built in book cases; the dining room was square and finished in oak panels while the kitchen had a frigidaire and built in cabinets.

"I've been building homes for twenty years, Jen, and I've never built any so cozy as that. He just knew that Emmy would be pleased; that she would be sure to like it. I had grown to like the chap; Jenkins, and when it came time to furnish the nest, I went along. We picked out a linen backed overstuffed living room suite, an old English dining room set and furnished the bed rooms in mahogany. It was all furniture that Dick was sure Emmy would like.

"Was he happy? Man, I wish you could have seen him; every inch of him smiling, every nerve on edge, every thought of Emmy

and the home that he had built for her. He was sure that she would be pleased. It was a week ago Tuesday that the house was completed and the following Friday, I'll never forget that day, I received a telegram that made me dizzy for a week. I read:

On way to Europe. Emmy liked the house; but loved someone else better. Sell the damn dump for anything. —DICK.

"It was a severe blow I know, and say— Damn that phone, just a second, Jen.—Why it's for you."

"Yep, this is Jenkins. What's that? You'll take the house on Elm Street for sure? Fine! Just married? Great! What's that? You don't mean it? Who? I'll be damned!"

"What do you know, Marr. He says, he'll take that cottage. He's sure Emmy will like it."

The Rivals

Roommates At Their Favorite Indoor Sport

ROBERT L. ROSS

JOE surveyed himself in the mirror and plastered a little more staycomb on his hair. "Mack," he said, "What is there about me that gives me such a power over women?"

"Oh, I guess dumb animals incite some sentiment," Mack answered.

"Yeh, well envy don't incite compliments, that's sure," returned the undaunted Joe.

Mack's deadly accuracy scored in the gaboon. He was a tobacco chewing engineer, one of those ideal fellows who could make a bobbed haired girl behave—yes, but how would she behave. He boasted that he could make a girl behave even if she didn't have bobbed hair. He was a college Heman. Although only an uncultured engineer, he was the rival of his sophisticated lawyer roommate, that is, a rival in the abstract. Joe had a general power over women but Mack just exercised a good influence around them.

Shambling down the streets of the college town that day, the two heroes passed a not unattractive girl who possessed a very at-

tractive smile. "Did you see that girl kind of admire me as we went by?" asked Joe.

"Bunk! She smiled at me—I know her."

"Why didn't she speak then," demanded Joe.

"Well, I haven't exactly met her," craw-fished Mack, "but I've seen her around and know where she lives."

"I think she would kind of like to meet me," suggested Joe.

"Let's walk around the block and then we'll make her."

"Yeh, but let me handle this and do all the talking because I am more experienced than you."

"Oh, I can get by, I can get by, I'm not so dumb," protested the engineer. And when they left her they were convinced of two things. They were agreed that she was not the type that any fellow could pick up. Nope, she was a regular, refined girl. She had made them understand that this was an exceptional thing for her to do, but she had said that they were such nice looking boys and had such winning personalities that she

couldn't resist them. She wouldn't decide which should have the first date and they couldn't come to an agreement, so both were to call together the next Wednesday night. Their second conviction was more individual. Each sincerely believed that he was the man.

"She has kind of taken a fancy to me; I just can't analyze my powers, Mack."

"Oh, I don't know. She looked at me when she stressed personality." Mack spoke with conviction.

"Well, we'll see who makes the best hit Wednesday night. Neither of us is going to try to sneak out there before then. Nope we wouldn't do that, it's not the old school spirit. But we're sure there with women," Joe chortled. "Boy it takes us, it sure takes us. We succeed where most fellows wouldn't have the nerve to try. This Saturday is sure pay day for us."

.
There are some things an engineer can do on Sunday besides study, especially when he has a whole dollar, and there are some things a lawyer would like to do even if he hasn't got a cent. Engineers and lawyers often have their minds on the same things and these roommates were not exceptions. Mack owned a dollar that he thought ought to be spent; besides, that girl had such soulful, lonesome eyes. He ought to slip down there and sort of arrange things for Wednesday night. Yep, she had bobbed hair and probably needed some advice. He ought to get down there and show her how a bobbed hair girl ought to behave. Good influences were his specialty and he would be handicapped with Joe along. Mack left the room and, coming back in five minutes, he peeled off his shirt and began to unlace a shoe.

"Going some place?" interrupted Joe.

"Oh, I got to take a shower."

"Kind of unusual taking a shower on Sunday, Mack."

"Well, I feel dirty."

"I don't remember that you ever felt so dirty on Sunday before."

"Well, I do to-day."

"Mack you're not trying to put anything

over on me are you? Remember, we're roommates."

"Don't you trust your own roommate?" demanded Mack indignantly, "Have I ever tried to put anything over on you?"

"Well, Mack, you—" began Joe.

"Have I ever tried to put anything over on you?" demanded Mack again.

"I haven't caught you trying to yet," answered Joe. He took a big draw on his General Dawes pipe but failed to blow smoke rings with a perfect nonchalance. Joe was a stategist himself, and he had the old college spirit; "Fool the other fellow before he fools you." Joe felt that he would have to protect himself and when Mack hurried to the showers Joe searched his belongings till he isolated a lone nickel. Turning towards his desk his eye rested upon a crisp dollar bill lying half under it. "I wonder if I could have dropped a dollar I didn't know I had," he muttered and picked it up to be safe.

Mack dripped in from the showers and began to dress like a citizen of the world. "A fellow oughtn't to look too much like a student on Sundays," he apologized.

"I would dress, too, if I didn't have to be conservative," Joe replied. "I got just one clean shirt left."

Mack left for the cafe and in a few minutes Joe was in the telephone booth. "Sorry Mack just discovered he can't keep his date" Joe was saying, "but I'll take you out instead. These engineers have so much work to do you know." He hung up the receiver. "A man can't trust his own roommate nowadays," he soliloquized, "Can you beat his trying to take advantage of my trustfulness? It is a good thing I'm wide awake. He might have sneaked down there, and he wouldn't know how to handle a case like this. It takes a man with some experience, like me. My conscience is sure clear on that buck I picked up in the room too. I can't be positive it's his, and after that double cross I won't assume anything in his favor. I may have dropped a dollar I didn't know I had any way."

Back in the room Joe found Mack in a terrible fuss. "Joe, I didn't drop that buck

of mine in here did I?" he asked.

"I don't see it on the floor any place Mack."

"There is a hole in my pants, but I didn't think I put it in that pocket."

"You must have had your mind on something else, Mack."

"Yeh, I was thinking of some figure."

"Well what is the difference? you don't need a buck to stay in and study," said Joe pointedly.

"A buck is a buck; I can't afford to lose a buck."

"It is sure tough luck," Joe affected a yawn, "I guess I'll take a good shave."

"Where are *you* going" demanded Mack suspiciously.

"I may go to a show."

"Thought you were broke."

"A fellow might borrow two-bits."

"Not around here, your credit is worse than mine."

"It don't hurt to shave. You know this is Sunday night."

"Joe, if you found my buck you wouldn't hold out on me would you?" pleaded Mack.

"What a question to ask your own roommate!"

Mack watched his roommate's operations quietly. He thoughtfully fingered his upper lip where a few stray hairs tried to look like a mustache. Joe finished the shave, carefully wiped his razor, and then opened his cupboard.

"Where in the Hell is my clean shirt!" he roared.

"I lent that to Bill a little while ago," grinned Mack. "He had a date and of course you're broke. What do you want to holler so loud for anyway? Lots of fellows wear a dirty shirt to the show."

Joe looked at Mack in suspicious disgust, and Mack looked at Joe with a knowing disdain.

But the little girl didn't cry all night. She waited till half past eight and then strolled on down to the Tokio.

Irritating Habits

M. A. AGGELER, '28

TO CONSIDER the subject of irritating habits and fail to speak about Everett True would be just as much a literary sin as that which a faulty writer commits, who treats of the Elizabethan drama and makes no mention of William Shakespeare. For the past few years I have followed "The Outbursts of Everett True" in the comic sheets and, though it may seem strange, I have become an ardent sympathizer with this ludicrous character. My sympathy is aroused, probably because of the fact that I am ridiculously nervous myself and, consequently, easily irritated. Many of my readers, too, I know, will agree that they have often found circumstances so irritating that it took a great deal of their self-control to refrain from acting like this fictitious neurotic.

If you are a moving-picture fan you will readily understand the nature of an irritat-

ing habit. To my mind, the basest type of tantalizer is the ignorant violator of the "silence is golden" rule of the theatre. This individual—more often a woman than a man—insists on reading the sub-titles aloud to an equally ignorant companion.

When the usherette is so cruel as to place me in front of such persons, I seek relief, first in cursing profusely; then in shifting about in all directions; then in stamping my feet on the floor; and finally, with an angry rush, in changing my location. Only convention, or the presence of a stalwart male, prevents me from reprimanding my torturers.

Nor should I fail to mention in this list of disturbers the crude creature who brings his lunch to the performance; or the light-headed being who sets up a perpetual guffaw if the picture even hints at comedy; or the proud parent who acts as interpreter for

a child, who, from his endless and unanswerable questions, must believe his progenitor to be another Merlin the Wise. None of these irritators should be omitted from my category of "Non-essential Citizens at the Theatre." All of these criminals tempt me to use the violence that my friend Everett True so ably employs on such occasions.

Then there is the infamous wretch who has the unforgivable propensity to interrupt my conversation. He is no less annoying than the mischievous child who persists in offering help to a father engaged in the delicate task of shaving. I do not maintain that my conversation is so important that an interruption would be sacrilegious; nevertheless, I no more desire the assistance of an ill-mannered busy-body in my parley than does the barbering parent require aid from his immature offspring. When there is such an abomination present, I am either provoked to silence or I am forced to retire from the group.

In a class with the interrupter can be placed the braggart who always has a better story to tell than the one you have just told him. If the dog you saw was six feet

long and four feet high, he will invariably contribute something like this: "Oh! that's nothing. You ought to see my brother's dog out in Denver!" All the while you are talking he is like a greyhound on the leash, waiting until you have finished so that he may outstrip you. Such a type as this will make you, I am sure, as irritable as Everett True or myself.

Have you ever come in contact with a chewer of gum? Well, I have; and, what is more, I have had to contend with the most deadly of these pests—the kind that "snap" their "Wrigley's" as they masticate it. I have never been tormented in the Chinese fashion by having water dripped incessantly upon my head, but I feel sure that the effect on me would be no worse than the unceasing "crack, crack, crack" of a stolid gum-chewer. This habit is supremely exasperating to me.

There are countless other habits, irritating to me in a greater or less degree, which you will have no trouble whatever in adding to this list if you happen to be of the same disposition as Everett True or myself.

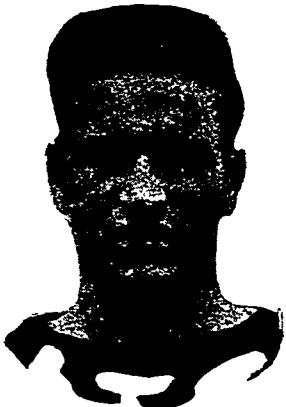




SPORT NEWS

Wildcats Screech in Vain; Notre Dame Wins, 6-0

Mounted high over the heart of Notre Dame, the golden-garbed figure of Our Lady arose to a new splendor in the hazy twilight of last Saturday, for the doughty gridiron knights whom she had sent forth only a few hours before had paraded to a great victory.



J. SMITH

And the massive stands of Northwestern University's new stadium were thrilling to a new tradition in the autumn dusk of last Saturday as from the cleat worn field strode the Thundering Herd of Notre Dame, victors by the narrow margin of one touchdown, 6 to 0, over the plucky Purple Wildcat.

Bands were blaring loudly and hoarse voices were overdoing themselves to sing the praises of a mighty new machine, Knute Rockne's Fightin' Irish of 1926. For these struggling lads had faced the depths twice and twice they had pulled through. The melody of their gameness will ever ring in the honor halls of Notre Dame football.

When only a few minutes of play had remained, forty thousand nervous people, moved to the core at the noble battle which they were witnessing, had vain fears that a deadlock would result. In wonder they looked on as the Blue and Gold of Notre Dame and the Purple of Northwestern bucked, sawed and plunged against one another, only to find the attack fruitless.

For three quarters they had marvelled at the spectacle and now, with moments only to go, they begged for a touchdown. And with the spirit, typically that of Our Lady, Notre Dame's men rejuvenated themselves

for a few brief minutes. One touchdown was the result and a host of anxious fans broke loose in pandemonium.

Mustering an offense which was withering in its effect, these battle-scarred veterans of Notre Dame advanced the ball eighty yards in three short plays and thus outdid the plucky men of Northwestern who had aspired for three years to a victory over their dreaded rivals.

Dusk had begun to descend on the huge concrete hulk that held a mass of tense, excited spectators, as Notre Dame's brilliant pass attack swept aside the dogged Purple defense and scored the lone touchdown via the air route.

Diminutive Art Parisien, the grinning French Canadian, was the brilliant one in the great wave that pushed the Wildcats into the dregs of defeat. It was Pary's trusty left arm that heaved two bullet-like passes which paved the way to victory. And Chile Walsh, brother of the redoubtable Adam, with Johnny Niemic, the Sophomore ace, were on the receiving end of the heaves that will long be remembered by Notre Dame.

Only five minutes remained to play when Vince McNally substituted quarterback, snared one of Moon Baker's high spiralled punts on the Notre Dame 20 yard line. McNally returned to the Notre Dame 30 yard line and Rockne rushed Parisien, who had seen service earlier in the game, back to the fray for a pass attack.

On the first play Parisien threw a 35 yard toss to Walsh who slipped around a host of Wildcat tacklers before being down-



C. WALSH

ed on the Northwestern 14 yard line. Notre Dame stands were wild with excitement. If Notre Dame could pierce the line or skirt the end it would be for victory.

And Northwestern must have figured that Parisien would essay a thrust at the line or send a back around the wingman. But he didn't. One thought ahead of the crowd, Parisien floated the ball over the Purple secondary defense and into the arms of Niemic. Niemic missed the kick but that didn't matter. Notre Dame stands roared a mighty appreciation for they sensed that the game was won.

PURPLE MAKES LAST STAND

But even the few short minutes that lapsed until the game's end were filled with thrill. The Wildcats, lashed to action by the brilliant Notre Dame offense, took the kickoff and attempted to retaliate. Baker and Gustafson almost did the job singlehanded but it fell short, deep in Blue and Gold territory.

It was Niemic who again rushed to the rescue. With a well directed kick he sent the ball winging back to the Northwestern 20 yard mark. Undaunted, the Wildcats opened up a barrage of wild and desperate passes in an attempt to snare a touchdown by some means or other. But they worked the ball to the middle of the field and the timer's gun marked the end of a great struggle.

Notre Dame has shown power many times and has shown pluck on numberless occasions but the game fight which the Blue and Gold showed Saturday was one of the most scintillating in history.

Throughout the first half the Rockne eleven fought with its back to the wall. Gustafson, Lewis and Baker, the Three Musketeers of Evanston, hammered and tonged at the Irish line with unrelenting zeal and on two occasions they threatened to spurt the blood that was Notre Dame's. But Tom Hearden, the sorrel topped half back, was in the way of a well meant pass and the Purple lost a golden opportunity to score.

Coming into the second half, Rock's well groomed warriors displayed a punch that

savored of a rout. Twice in rapid succession they brought desperation into the Purple ranks but as they had braced early in the game so did the Wildcat brace now.

NOTRE DAME SPIRIT SUPREME

And when the shining gun of Field Judge R. C. Huston was about to draw to an end the superb battle, the sudden spirit that winged through the Notre Dame regiment, the spirit of Our Lady, crushed the Purple in one last glorious march.

Stars were few on the Northwestern grid Saturday afternoon for every man in the game was a satellite in himself. Now it was Flanagan, and again it was Baker and then it was Parisien, but the inspired playing of the two elevens far outshined the work of any individual.

But Northwestern did have a great star who was gentlemanly in his defeat as he would have been in a well sought victory. For three years Captain "Moon" Baker has battled with the best of Notre Dame men and now for three years he has been forced to stoop. But the sincere efforts which Baker has always made have been appreciated by Notre Dame men. And hard as he tried with his punting and passing and running to conquer the Blue and Gold, Notre Dame men throw in his path the sprig of respect.

The game was laden with the spirit of carnival. The new stadium of Northwestern was filled to overflowing. Vice-President Dawes was the guest of Father Matthew Walsh, C.S.C., president of Notre Dame, and Walter Dill Scott, president of Northwestern. Interest in the game was at a fever pitch; it was the outstanding combat of the middle west's gridiron array.

But above all the valiant fight of two great teams was noticeable. And still nobler yet was the unbowing spirit that gripped Notre Dame in the last few minutes. Call them the Thundering Herd if you wish; mark them once again as the Fightin' Irish; write after their name the colorful appellation of Juggernauts—but Saturday they were the dauntless men of Notre Dame, the courageous messengers of Our Lady.

NOTRE DAME (6)		N. W. (0)
Voedisch	L.E.	Bovik
Miller	L.T.	E. Schuler
J. Smith	L.G.	Dart
Boeringer	C.	Rosie
Mayer	R.G.	Siebenmans
McManmon	R.T.	Johnson
Maxwell	R.E.	Fisher
Parisien	Q.B.	Levison
Niemic	L.H.	Baker (c)
Dahman	R.H.	Gustafson
O'Boyle	F.B.	Lewis

Touchdown—Niemic. Substitutes—Notre Dame: Richard Smith for John Smith; Wynne for O'Boyle; Hearden for Niemic; Walsh for Voedisch; McNally for Edwards; Parisien for McNally; Niemic for Flanagan; Dahman for Hearden; Leppig for Mayer; Riley for Parisien; Maxwell for Wallace. Northwestern: Colin for Levison; Panosh for Bovik; Levison for Colin; Verdell for Fisher; Griffith for Gustafson; Hazen for R. Schuler; Holmer for Lewis.

GOLDEN TORNADO BREEZES INTO IRISH GRID CAMP; FIERCE SQUALL IS HINTED

Any contention that a hurricane can't be stopped or a tornado always wreaks destruction in its path will be put to a severe test on Cartier Field tomorrow afternoon.

Notre Dame's Fightin' Irish, moved to decisive action by the four exalted victories which they have turned in the past four weeks, will try to prove that tempests, storms and hurricanes are just ordinary squalls that bowl over trees but not mountains.

And the Golden Tornado of Georgia Tech, equipped with an aerial attack that in ferocity resembles the unbridled typhoons which swirl out of the sea and sweep everything in front of them, will attempt to show the Blue and Gold that hurricanes are dangerous.

Although the Tornado has twice faced its conqueror this year, it breezed into the Notre Dame camp this morning with all strength forward and after an impressive workout on Cartier Field this afternoon convinced the few who were privileged to look on that this aerial attack of the Georgians may not be so weak after all.

Taking to the air in the last half, the Tornado blew terror into the bulwarks of the Washington and Lee team at Atlanta, Georgia, last Saturday. The Generals made a touchdown on four completed passes in the first four minutes of play and held an advantage of 7 to 0 at the half. But the Georgians began to flip the oval in the last period and rushed over three markers with the aid of long and short passes.

ATTACK CENTERS AROUND MARSHALL

Around the efforts of a fleet-footed individual with the political name of Marshall hinges much of Georgia's vaunted pass attack. Not content that his forebearers passed their thought into the Constitution and other worthy documents, this tanned Georgian is now bent upon passing his trusty right arm to a victory over the Fightin' Irish. Marshall displayed a prominent part in Georgia's 19 to 7 victory over Washington and Lee last week.

But Knute Rockne hasn't been priming anti-aircraft guns for nothing. His sharpshooters showed the possibilities last week at Northwestern and may decide to enforce strictly the "no trespassing" signs that hang on the Irish frontier.

Again the crafty Rock may decide to beat the Georgians at their own game. The Flanagan-Hearden and Parisien-Niemic combinations were on fire last Saturday and should Rockne send them in with instructions to kindle the flame again, the Georgians may find themselves blown about rudely.

Georgia Tech has met two reverses so far this year. Oglethorpe, rated as a mediocre eleven, directed unexpected power at the Georgia line and pulled through by a one touchdown victory. A week ago the Alabama machine, considered the best in the south, piled up three touchdowns on the Tech eleven and won 21 to 0.

But the suave gentlemen from sunny Geo'gia are not downhearted by a long shot. They figure that a fierce hurricane might blow into faces of the Fightin' Irish. Nor are they forgetting that this Indiana weather can muster a terrific power itself.

Splinters From The Press Box

That apathetic gentleman who boasted that he could go through any kind of excitement and not be affected was buried from the home last Saturday night. He died of nervousness brought on by the Northwestern-Notre Dame gridiron spectacle.

And about 40,000 of his compatriots at the game missed the grave by a step only. For it's said that thousands of knees cracked against each other fiercely in the last five minutes of the Irish-Wildcat struggle. Still Parisien's portside passes were enough to lift the suspense from half of the crowd.

* * * * *

"One-Eye" Connelly is a capable boy but even he would have been thwarted last Saturday. When they perch them on the stadium girders and surrounding housetops it's pretty certain that no 50 yard sections were left unclaimed.

* * * * *

Reports that everybody in the stadium tried to board the first "L" back to Chicago are grossly exaggerated. Only 25,000 attempted to hang on the unfortunate train.

* * * * *

Those unfortunates who did not join the caravan to Evanston partook of a tamer brand of football, the South Bend-Mishawaka encounter on Cartier Field. Both towns were "het up" over the annual struggle and the Irish stadium was almost taxed to capacity. Mishawaka, another exponent of the pass game, eked out a 7 to 6 win.

* * * * *

Army and Southern California, upon whom the Irish are now peering with a sort of relish, were not idle Saturday. The Cadets rode rough shod over Boston College and, amassing six touchdowns, won 41 to 0. Passes, gentlemen, passes; again it was passes that did the work. Southern California, now prominently mentioned as Coast

Champs, had little pity on California and won 27 to 0. Incidentally, it was the first time the Trojans have beaten California in many moons.

* * * * *

Although many agree that the Georgia game will give Rock's Irish a brief breathing spell, this vaunted passing attack may be dangerous after all. When the Golden Tornado starts to throw them high and wide a little track work might be needed to stem the tide.

* * * * *

Little bit of tough luck last week. Didn't think the defenses were so strong. But how does this one suit you? Georgia Tech 0; Notre Dame 34. —GHOUL POST III.

NOTRE DAME DEFEATS

MICH. STATE RUNNERS

Coach Johnny Wendland's Notre Dame cross-country team won the first meet of the season last Friday afternoon, when it nosed out the Michigan State team by the score of 28-27 over the three and one-half mile Notre Dame course.

The fine running of "Scrap Iron" Young, veteran Irish runner, was chiefly responsible for the Notre Dame victory. Young led the field to the finish line, coming in a half minute ahead of Wylie, Michigan State man who took second place. Young's time was 18 minutes and 58 seconds.

Third and fourth places were captured by Severance and Williams of Michigan State. John Brown, Notre Dame sophomore followed the State men for fifth place.

Following Brown were the three Notre Dame runners, DeGroote, Captain Nulty, and Masterson. They were followed by Williams and Blakesler of Michigan State.

The Michigan State team which is coached by M. F. Mason, is composed of Captain Severance, Waterman, Wylie, Williams, LaPlante, and Blakeslie.

Coach Wendland's team includes Captain Nulty, Young, Phelan, Masterson, DeGroote, and Brown.

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A TRIBUTE

That Notre Dame's football spirit goes way beneath the skin and finds expression in a more impressive manner than piling up a winning score is amply shown in this article, which was clipped from the *Chicago Tribune* of last Sunday. It follows:

"Knute Rockne and his Notre Dame football team were held up as models for the American people by Vice-President Dawes at a banquet given in their honor at the Palmer House last night.

"The occasion was the annual banquet and dance of the Notre Dame club of Chicago. Guests of honor were Mayor Dever, the Rev. Matthew J. Walsh, C.S.C., president of Notre Dame University; Coach Knute Rockne and Coach James Phelan of Purdue.

"'I wish we played in life as those boys played,' General Dawes said. 'What a chance we have in this day to play the game right. Never in the world has there been the opportunity to enjoy such prosperity as now exists in this country. But we must not let down. We must play the game as they did this afternoon.'

This Notre Dame spirit, unlike beauty, goes way back beneath the skin.

MINIMS TAME INDIANA TIGERS

While Notre Dame was taming the Wildcats in Chicago, the Minims were twisting the South Bend Tiger's tail on the former's field—7 to 0.

Capt. Crampton scored the lone touchdown but missed the kick. The referee awarded the point to the Minims because a man was off-side.

Crampton and O'Brien with their smashing, Wilson, Bassett and Rohr in their end runs aided greatly to achieve the victory.

The Minims' passes reminded one of the combination Gipp to Kirk, Crampton passing and Rohr and Foley on the receiving end.

The Tigers had the ball on the Minims

five yard line four times, and on one occasion the Minims held there for four downs, then the ball was given to St. Edward's. Joe Boland playing left end punted a beautiful spiral which was caught on the forty yard line.

Ben Brunning's tackling was also one of the features. To the huskies on the squad, Bob Snell is a second Knute Rockne.—G.L.

A HALF A CENTURY BACK
BY ROBERT WARD

(*From Scholastic Files*)

According to the custom, study after supper was remitted in the Junior Study hall on the eve of Thanksgiving Day and recreation given for the evening. The boys, having obtained the Very Rev. President Corby's permission, brought one of the small organs into the study-hall, with other instruments, and song, and dance the evening passed pleasantly. They are indebted to the Masters Devitt, Kenedy, Grever, Fogarty and Gallagher for contributions to the recreation exercises. Among those who honored the boys with their presence on this occasion were Rev. Fathers Walsh, Zahm, Stoffel and Brother Bernard.—Nov. 30, 1878.

* * * * *

The first Catholic College paper we have ever heard of was the *Collegian*, published at St. Joseph's College, Somerset, Ohio, in 1853 or '54. Both the College and the paper have ceased to exist. The Notre Dame SCHOLASTIC was begun in 1867. We know of no Catholic College paper now in existence started before it. —Nov. 23, 1878.

* * * * *

Last Wednesday Prof. Lyons did not go to Chicago. There was a great deal of surprise manifested over the fact both in Chicago and at Notre Dame, but, then, it was not his fault. He missed the train.

—October 26, 1878.

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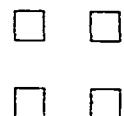
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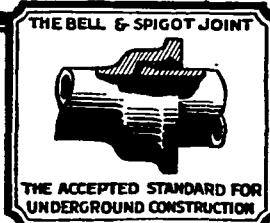
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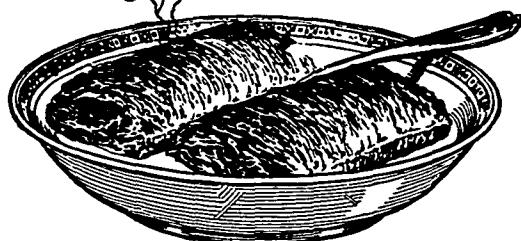


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